

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, November 14, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Ogden, Tuesday, Nov. 14th. (1878?) My dear Alec:

I wrote to you from Salt Lake City and Mr. Kraft posted it for me, but I must begin another letter and tell you of our trip back here. Sister says "I am thankful I am not engaged." I retort I should write a diary if I had not you to write to, but writing to you is ever so much better. We left Salt Lake City this afternoon, a mile or two out of the city we passed Hot Springs Lake and the Hot Springs themselves. They were small pools near the rocks, and were of pale green color and steam was rising from them. Travelling on, skirting the base of the Wasatch range beautiful in the first snowfall of the year, we came soon to the great Salt Lake itself, a lovely sheet of silver, looking a picture of peacefulness, blue mountains rising up in it's midst and snow covered mountains bordering it. We stood out on the rear platform for a time and then went to the postal car and watched it as the sun slowly sank down behind the hills, and a golden color shone over the silver. Gradually the clouds above became tinted crimson and were reflected in the softly rippling waters, then all of a sudden the heavens seemed on fire, and the glowing colors were reproduced faintly in the waters. And finally the gold came back while the crimson still lingered and last of all the river was shrouded in the soft mist of evening. Both Sister and I agreed we had never seen anything equal to it in Europe. And yet the man said it was not so lovely as it is sometimes. The lake is 90 miles long and has seven mountainous islands. Your letter enclosing scrap and Josie's letter have just been put into my 2 hands, it seems like a reminder from some far distant country I was so glad to hear from you. The scrap is very amusing, do you suppose it is really true? Wednesday — Papa made me leave my letter to finish one from him to Mamma. The morning dawned cloudy and rainy, but the sun has come out and given us promise of a lovely afternoon. We reached Elko, Nevada this morning and

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there we saw our first Indians. Well — they were not quite so bad looking as I expected. They were blanket Indians, the women wore old calico dresses with a blanket over it. The babies were inside the blanket and fastened by a string around the squaws shoulders. At the place where we stopped for dinner we saw one little baby in those baskets you see in pictures, squaws and baby making such a pretty picture in their bright picturesque blankets and beattered basket. The men strolled lazily up and down in pants, old hats and bright blanket held tightly around them. We saw quite a colony of wigwams at a little distance and I never saw anything more picturesque, the tall sticks showing in the top and skin wrapped tightly around them, just like those you see in pictures. But further on we saw the most fearful specimen of humanity we ever saw. It was a bent old hag leaning on her stick and looking up at us from under short grey hair, such a repulsive brown withered face and small bloated blood-shot eyes. I could not realize she was a human being like myself and it was with a sort of start I saw her open her mouth and speak. I believe in Darwin now. She was far more a baboon than anything else. We passed through the Palisades this morning a wild narrow valley between precipitous fantastic shaped hills, with now and then a blue snow capped mountain towering above, one of the loveliest mountain gorges I have ever been through. We went on and on for hours a zigzag course 3 around jutting rocks and over clear green streams, onward and outward till looking back we saw the hills fade in the distance until they seemed only part of the tall range of snow mountains that bounded over eastern horizon and stand between you and me. But courage, if every mile takes us further apart every hour and day brings the time nearer when we shall be together again. I suppose Mamma has gone to New York. I hope you take good care of yourself and look very nicely always. Have you carried out your threat and let your beard grow? You must be glad I am away and can not interfere with your liberty of action. Who is Prof. Morson?

Thank you ever so much for your letter and cutting.

Ever lovingly yours, Mabel. The letter you forwarded was from Josie Barnard, she wanted to go as far as Chicago with us, but mistook the date of our leaving. If she writes again

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open the letter and see if she wants to come home with us, if so please write to her and tell her where to meet us.